

Don Quixote "LOVE"

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Don Quixote "LOVE"

by [Bordementions](#)

Summary

Trapped within the embrace of a knight who loves too fiercely, you have long since forgotten the world beyond her arms. Don Quixote calls you her princess, her beloved, and with each passing day, you play along—smiling, laughing, weaving the same grand tales she so adores.

Yet sometimes, even as you whisper words of devotion, even as you lay in her arms, safe in the warmth of her love, the tears come. You do not know why. You do not know what it is you have lost.

But Don Quixote is always there to wipe them away, to hold you close, to whisper sweet promises of protection. And so you smile through the tears, because this is your story.

Notes

Yandere don wahooie oh boy oh boy

Anyways this was a work done in collaboration with Ajisaai's famous "LOVE" fic. As I have taken their written work with Don and expanded upon it in my own way.

If you haven't already please go check it out, as it was one of my first ever limbus fics!

Please enjoy

- Inspired by a deleted work

Chapter 1



DON QUIXOTE – THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA

DELUSIONAL, PARANOID, OVERPROTECTIVE

Don Quixote sees herself as your knight, sworn to your service with unwavering devotion. However, unlike the tales of chivalry where the knight saves a helpless damsel, she perceives you as something far grander—a princess of unparalleled beauty and grace.

In her eyes, you are not someone in need of rescue but rather a sovereign worthy of adoration. She understands that what she feels for you is love, yet she cannot fully grasp the depths of her emotions. It is an all-consuming fervor, a passion that drives her every action, yet she remains blissfully unaware of just how deeply entrenched her affections have become.

Restraint is a concept foreign to Don Quixote. As your self-proclaimed knight, it is only natural that she should be by your side at all times, ever vigilant and ready to defend your honor. To her, this is not an obsession but a sacred duty—one she upholds with boundless enthusiasm.

Your happiness is her ultimate goal, and she will go to great lengths to ensure that everyone knows there is no one in this world who cherishes you more than she does. Grand gestures of affection are a certainty; she is not one to hide her feelings or succumb to shyness. If anything, she revels in making sure you understand just how treasured you are.

Should you ever reprimand her for overstepping, she will take it to heart, determined to learn the proper way to conduct herself in order to remain deserving of her princess' favor. Her eagerness to please knows no bounds, and she will adjust her behavior accordingly, all to remain in your good graces.

Despite her unrelenting devotion, Don Quixote will not stain her hands with blood out of jealousy alone. No matter how intense her love for you becomes, her dream of becoming a righteous Fixer

remains steadfast. To kill out of personal envy would be a betrayal of the ideals she so dearly upholds.

That said, jealousy is not something she is immune to. If another person seems to occupy your attention more than she deems acceptable, she will not lash out in violence but rather sulk in dejected silence. With meek hesitance, she will approach you, her voice carrying the weight of her insecurities as she asks, almost dreading the answer, whether you love them more than her.

The mere thought of being replaced terrifies her—she needs to hear the words of reassurance, needs to know that she alone is your perfect knight, the only one worthy of standing by your side. And should you grace her with a loving touch—a pat on the head, a warm embrace, or perhaps even a kiss—it would be enough to send her heart soaring, reaffirming that she remains the most cherished protector of her beloved princess.

Though Don Quixote will not stain her blade with the blood of an innocent out of jealousy alone, any who dare harm you will not be granted such mercy. As your sworn knight, it is not only her duty to protect you—it is her very purpose. And woe to those foolish enough to lay a hand upon you, for they will bear witness to a wrath unlike any other.

The fire in her heart, usually one of passion and noble devotion, will ignite into something far more dangerous. With righteous fury, she will strike down those who dare threaten your safety, her moral code bending beneath the sheer force of her love. Oh, how unfortunate the soul who becomes the object of her vengeance!

In her eyes, they are not merely foes; they are villains of the highest order, deserving of no pity, no second chances. If necessary, she will tear the world apart just to ensure that no harm ever befalls you again.

While jealousy may not drive her to murder, the same cannot be said for her willingness to claim you as her own in other ways. Kidnapping, to Don Quixote, is not a crime—it is an act of love, a necessity dictated by her duty as your knight.

After all, what kind of protector would she be if she allowed her princess to wander freely, exposed to the dangers of the world? No, it is far better to keep you safe, tucked away in a place where no harm can reach you. A castle built just for you, where she alone can ensure

your safety. She understands your protests, she truly does—but this is what is best for you! It pains her to see you cry, but she knows that, in time, you will come to understand.

And until then, she will soothe your worries with soft kisses and whispered reassurances, her arms wrapping around you in an embrace meant to banish all fears. There, in her warmth, she will make you see—this is where you belong, with her, forever.

But should you escape—oh, should you be so bold as to leave her behind—Don Quixote will be thrown into a madness unlike any she has ever known. In her mind, there is no other explanation but the worst possible one: some vile, wretched fiend has taken you from her! You must be in danger, crying out for your noble knight to save you! Frantic, desperate, she will tear through the streets, destroy anything that stands in her path, all in pursuit of her beloved.

Her paranoia will consume her, twisting her thoughts until nothing remains but the singular, all-encompassing need to find you. And when she does—when at last you are before her once more—she will break. Tears will spill down her cheeks as she cries out in anguish, demanding to know where you have been, what horrors you have faced. But when the realization dawns—that you were not taken, that you fled of your own will—her spirit will shatter.

Why? Why would you run from her? Has she failed you? Has she done something wrong? Does her princess not love her anymore? Does she love someone else? Has she cooked a bad meal? Her mind will race, searching for an answer, for something—anything—that makes sense of this betrayal. But in the end, when her emotions settle, she will smile through the pain, telling herself that this must have been nothing more than a fleeting rebellion, a mere sign of your adventurous spirit.

After all, even the greatest of princesses yearn for excitement now and then. And so, with renewed determination, she will vow to become an even better knight—one so perfect that you will never want to leave her again.

"Ah, mine Dulcinea... Won't thou see? 'Tis not safe outside. I shalt keep thee safe, if only thou would stay here, in mine arms."

Her voice quivers with emotion, her plea wrapped in the warmth of devotion, yet tinged with the quiet despair of a heart on the verge of breaking. As Don Quixote presses a chaste kiss upon you, the hot tears

welling in her eyes spill over, their warmth brushing against your skin. She clings to you as if you might disappear at any moment, as if holding you close will somehow erase the agony of your attempted escape.

"Dost thou not love thine knight? Is that it?"

The question is whispered, yet it cuts deeper than any blade. There is no anger in her tone, no resentment—only fear. Fear that she is not enough, that her devotion has gone unappreciated, that her beloved princess has rejected her protection.

And yet, in this moment, with your arms held tightly in hers, it is you who appears unreasonable, you who seems ungrateful for the love so freely given. After all, what could possibly be so wrong with the affections of a gentle, loving knight who wants nothing more than to keep you safe?

But fret not—Don Quixote is nothing if not understanding. She knows of your yearning for adventure, of the thrill that calls to your spirit. And so, there will be no punishment, no wrath. No, she is not so cruel as to chastise her beloved princess for a simple act of rebellion.

However, she will make certain that it never happens again. She will watch more closely, hold you more dearly, weave an unbreakable shield around you so that no force—neither foe nor folly—may ever steal you from her grasp. For it is her duty, her solemn vow, to protect you forever and ever.

Don Quixote will continue to hold you close, her embrace firm yet trembling with emotion, as if fearing that loosening her grip even slightly would allow you to slip through her fingers once more. The warmth of her body presses against yours, her heart hammering a desperate rhythm against your chest. She does not want to frighten you—no, never that. But the thought of losing you again, of waking to find her beloved princess gone, is unbearable.

"Fear not, mine Dulcinea," she murmurs, her voice as soft as a lullaby, "For I shall shield thee from all wretched perils, from all who seek to lead thee astray. And should darkness dare encroach upon thee, I shalt be thine sword, thine armor, thine unshakable bulwark against the world itself!"

Her lithe fingers caress your cheek with the gentlest reverence, as if you were made of porcelain, as if the very act of touching you is a privilege she must never take for granted. Her lips, trembling yet determined, press another feather-light kiss upon your forehead,

sealing a vow she has long since carved into the very marrow of her soul.

"No ill shall befall thee, not whilst I draw breath. And if thou dost yet long for adventure..." Her grip tightens for but a moment before she pulls back just enough to gaze into your eyes, her own hazel orbs alight with fervor, shimmering like stars in the night. *"Then let us seek it together! A knight must not leave her princess alone upon the battlefield, nay, such folly would be naught but a grievous sin!"*

She laughs, a sound both airy and triumphant, as though she has just conceived the most ingenious of ideas. The idea of you escaping her again does not even cross her mind—no, why should it? You need not flee if she is always at your side, sharing in your every thrill, your every conquest, your every fleeting whim.

"From this day forth, mine Dulcinea, wherever thou dost go, so too shall I! Hand in hand, as knight and princess shouldst be!"

Her enthusiasm is boundless, her devotion infinite, and her conviction unshakable. She does not see her presence as a cage, nor her love as chains—no, to her, it is the highest honor, the purest form of chivalry. And now, with this promise upon her lips, she smiles, beaming with joy, certain that she has found the perfect solution.

After all, why should a princess ever have need to run, when her knight shall follow her anywhere she dares to go?

Don Quixote's eyes glimmer with unbridled passion as she lifts your hands in hers, pressing a reverent kiss to your knuckles as if sealing an unspoken oath. Her touch is warm—too warm—heated by the feverish devotion that courses through her veins, by the desperate, ceaseless love that threatens to consume her entirely.

"Aye, mine Dulcinea, thou needst not flee to seek adventure, for adventure itself shall follow thee like a most faithful hound! If peril is what thy soul doth crave, then I shalt carve a path of glory by thy side! If thine heart dost long for excitement, then I shall see to it that thou art never left wanting!"

Her words are spoken with such certainty, such unwavering belief, that it leaves little room for doubt. To her, this is not merely a promise—it is a decree, a truth as immutable as the stars above. And in that truth, there is no possibility of refusal. She will be with you, no matter where you go. She will protect you, even from dangers you do not yet see. And if the world itself dares to pull you away from her, then she will tear it apart with her own two hands.

She pulls you close once more, cradling you as if you were the most precious thing in existence. Her lips hover near your ear, her breath warm as she whispers,

"Ne'er again shall mine princess be lost to me..."

Her grip tightens—not enough to hurt, but enough to remind you that this is your place, here in her arms, where no harm may ever touch you. It is not cruelty that drives her, nor malice, nor selfishness. It is love—pure, fervent, and absolute.



Time passes in a blur as Don Quixote fusses over you, smoothing your hair, adjusting the collar of your clothes, ensuring that not a single thing is out of place. Her hands shake as they move, as though the act of tending to you is the only thing anchoring her to sanity, to reason.

"Thou must be weary, mine love," she coos, her voice a lullaby of honeyed ideals. *"Come, let me dote upon thee as a knight ought! I shalt prepare thee a most splendid meal, a feast most befitting of mine fair princess! Ah, but thou must not lift a single finger, nay, rest thyself and allow me to care for thee as I was destined to do!"*

And she does. She moves with a giddy, feverish energy, her every action performed with the single-minded purpose of pleasing you. The food she prepares is simple, yet she presents it with the flourish of a chef unveiling a royal banquet. When she serves it to you, her hazel eyes remain locked onto you, desperate for your approval, for your praise, for anything that assures her that she has done well.

But even in this moment of peace, there is an unease that lingers beneath the surface. A knowledge that, should you try to leave again, should you even think of slipping through her fingers, the unshakable joy in her eyes will crack, revealing something far more dangerous beneath.

Because Don Quixote knows now.

She knows that you are capable of running.

She knows that she must hold you even closer than before.

And if it means keeping you safe—keeping you hers—then there is nothing she will not do.

Days blur into nights, and nights into days, each one spent under the watchful, unyielding gaze of your knight. Don Quixote never strays far, always at your side, ever eager to serve, to love, to protect. She speaks of grand adventures you will share, of distant lands to be conquered together, of dangers she will vanquish in your name. But the walls of your so-called castle remain firm, unbroken, unyielding.

You try, of course. You scheme, you plan, you wait for the perfect moment. Yet no matter how careful you are, no matter how silently you move, she is always there—waiting, watching, smiling. Her hands never once bring harm, never tighten in anger, never restrain with force. Instead, she wins through sheer persistence, through unshakable devotion, through a patience so boundless it outlasts your every desperate attempt at escape.

And so, you grow weary. Each failed effort takes a heavier toll, your spirit eroding like sand beneath an endless tide. The hope you clung to begins to slip through your fingers, fragile and fleeting. The fire in your heart dims, little by little, day by day, until all that remains is the heavy weight of resignation.

The moment she has been waiting for finally arrives.

You collapse to the floor, knees hitting the cold ground as the last of your fight drains from your body. Your shoulders shake, not from exhaustion, but from something raw and painful. A quiet, broken sob escapes your lips. You had given up on your dream.

And Don Quixote is there, as she always is.

She kneels beside you, her presence unwavering, her touch as gentle as ever. There is no gloating in her expression, no mockery, no cruelty. Only joy. Pure, unfiltered joy, glistening in juvenile eyes. Her lips curl into a smile, her body trembling with sheer, overwhelming happiness.

"Ah... mine Dulcinea," she whispers, voice thick with emotion. "At last, thou dost see. At last, thou dost understand."

And then—she laughs.

A bright, lovely sound, filled not only with joy, but with the delirium of a woman so wholly lost in her delusion that she sees nothing wrong in what has transpired. To her, this is victory. Not through violence, not through cruelty, but through love. She had waited, endured, suffered alongside you, all to bring you to this moment—this moment where you are finally, truly hers.

She cups your tear-streaked face in her hands, brushing away the remnants of your sorrow with the utmost care. *"We art together, mine love... now and forevermore. Fear not, for I shall ne'er let thee be lost again."*

And so that is where your journey meets its end.

In the hands of that ever-so-loving knight, undying devotion so strong that no matter your struggle, no matter how you fight, she will not let you go. And once again, as she outlasts you in a fight of attrition, never laying a hand on you to harm you, she kneels down by your small, tired form.

She has assisted in the death of your great, aspiring dreams. But that is okay, because she will share with you her's.

And with eyes wide and joyful, so lost in the fantasy she has built around you, she cannot help but laugh.



Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Eto bleh

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)



Time has long since abandoned you, lost to the ever-repeating cycle of Don Quixote's love, her devotion, her ceaseless, endless tales of knightly valor. A seamless stream of stories, of grandiose speeches, of declarations of loyalty so unwavering that they have become the very fabric of your existence.

At first, you had tried to resist. You had clung to your name, your past, the distant, fading whispers of a life that once existed beyond these walls. But memories are fickle things, and the longer you stayed, the more they unraveled. What did your voice sound like before you answered to Dulcinea? What colors did the sky once hold before you only saw it through Don Quixote's eyes? Who were you, before she crowned you hers?

You no longer know.

But she does.

"Ah, mine princess! How fair thou art this day, as radiant as the golden dawn itself! Surely, the gods above must weep in envy of thy beauty, for not even the fairest of their maidens could hope to rival thee!"

You blush—not because the words fluster you, but because is that not what a princess should do? Is it not the role you must play? The role that has been shaped for you, carefully, lovingly, with the patience of a knight who has never faltered, never wavered?

You have heard her speak these words a thousand times over, have listened to the tales of noble quests and gallant duels until they have become as familiar as your own heartbeat. You have spent so long drowning in her love that it no longer feels like drowning at all. It feels like home.

You lift your head, eyes meeting hers, and for the first time, you do not hesitate as you take her gloved hand in yours.

"Mine gallant knight," you murmur, the words foreign on your tongue, yet as natural as breathing. *"I thank thee for thy service. Pray, wilt thou remain at mine side forevermore?"*

Don Quixote freezes.

For a brief moment, the ever-present fervor in her eyes wavers, flickering like a candle's dying flame. She searches your face, her hands trembling in yours, as if seeking some trick, some illusion, some sign that you do not mean what you have said.

But you smile, soft and serene, as a princess should.

And she breaks.

"O Dulcinea—" her voice cracks, high and breathless, her joy too immense to contain. She falls to her knees before you, clutching your hands as if they were the only thing tethering her to this world. *"At last! At long last! Mine faith hath been rewarded! Ah, to hear such words spill from thine lips, to know that thy heart doth truly belong to me—it is more than I could ever dare to dream!"*

She laughs, her body trembling with sheer ecstasy, with triumph, with love.

And you?

You laugh with her.

Because she is your knight, is she not? She has always been your knight.

And you have always been her princess.

There is no world beyond the one Don Quixote has built for you.

The days are filled with laughter, with stories spun like golden thread, woven into the air between you both. You speak of grand quests, of evil vanquished, of a love so pure and true that even the stars must bow before it. She holds you close, her gloved hands ever steady, her voice brimming with boundless devotion.

And you play along. Of course you do.

What else is there?

What else has there ever been?

You rest against her, head nestled beneath her chin, her coat draped over your shoulders like a shield against the cruel, wicked world beyond these walls. She speaks, as she always does, of the adventures that await you both, of the villains she will strike down in your name, of the eternal bond that binds you together.

You listen. You smile.

And then—

Tears.

They slip down your cheeks, silent, unbidden, streaking your skin even as your lips remain curled in that perfect, serene expression. You do not know why. You do not know where they come from. There is no sorrow here, no grief, no pain. There is only your knight. Your protector.

Yet the tears fall anyway.

You sniffle, the sound quiet, almost inaudible—but she hears.

She always hears.

"Ah—mine princess..." Her voice softens, the boundless energy within it dimming into something gentler, something achingly tender. She shifts, drawing you closer, her arms wrapping around you with a careful, practiced ease. *"Why dost thou weep? Hath some foul curse been laid upon thee? Speak, mine love, and I shall strike it down!"*

You do not know what to say.

Because there is nothing to strike down. No villain to slay, no dragon to vanquish. Only this strange, unshakable feeling that seeps into your bones, curling around your heart like ivy, tightening, constricting.

Your hands clutch at her coat, fingers trembling, and you press your face into her shoulder, as if that will make the tears stop. As if her warmth will chase away the hollow ache that lingers at the edges of your mind.

Don Quixote hums, a quiet sound, thoughtful. Then, with a smile so pure, so full of unwavering faith, she wipes the tears from your cheeks with the edge of her sleeve.

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